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Allegiances

Allegiances (ThunderClan)

Leader

Bluestar - blue-gray she-cat, tinged with silver around her muzzle.

Deputy

Redtail - small tortoiseshell tom with a distinctive ginger tail.

Medicine Cat

Spottedleaf - beautiful dark tortoiseshell she-cat with a distinctive dappled coat

Warriors

Lionheart - magnificent golden tabby tom with thick fur like a lion's mane.

Tigerclaw - big dark brown tabby tom with unusually long front claws.

Whitestorm - big white tom.

Darkstripe - sleek black-and-gray tabby tom.

Runningwind - swift tabby tom.

Mousefur - small dusky brown she-cat.

Littlefoot - brown tabby tom with small left foot
Apprentice, Longpaw

Kestrelwing - silver tom with a white underbelly

Pricklepelt - gray tom with prickly fur

Apprentices

Longpaw - pale tabby tom with dark black stripes.

Queens

Frostfur - beautiful white coat and blue eyes.

Brindleface - pretty tabby - kit is Sandkit

Goldenflower - pale ginger coat

Speckletail - pale tabby, and the oldest nursery queen

Robinwing - dusky brown coat with a ginger patch on her chest and a thick furred tail - kits are Ravenkit and Dustkit

Willowpelt - very pale gray pelt with unusual blue eyes - kit is Graykit

Kits:

Dustkit - dark brown tabby tom.

Graykit - long-haired solid gray tom.

Ravenkit - small, skinny black tom with a tiny white dash on his chest, and white-tipped tail.

Sandkit - pale ginger she-cat.

Elders

Halftail - big dark brown tabby tom with part of his tail missing.

Smallear - gray tom with very small ears. The oldest tom in ThunderClan.

Patchpelt - small black-and-white tom.

One-eye - pale gray she-cat, the oldest cat in ThunderClan. Virtually blind and deaf.

Dappletail - once-pretty tortoiseshell she-cat with a lovely dappled coat.

Chapter 1

Ravenkit opened his eyes slowly. He was in a den - light filtered through, burning into his pelt. Ravenkit felt warmth and looked up. A dusky brown she-cat with a ginger patch on her chest and a thick furred tail looked at him. Ravenkit tipped his head at the large she-cat. "Welcome, Ravenkit. You've opened your eyes for the first time," the pale tabby mewed cheerfully. "My name is Robinwing." She purred. "I'm your mother, young one. Your brother Dustkit should be outside." She licked the top of Ravenkit's head.

Ravenkit smiled a little, standing up slowly. "What do I look like?" He mewed, then he looked outside the den. The camp was huge! Ravenkit ran out without a word and noticed a large water puddle nearby. He pelted toward it and looked at his reflection - he was a black tom with a white diamond chest and amber eyes.

"Watch out, weakling!"

Ravenkit yowled when a bundle of pale ginger tabby fur tumbled into him. He tussled, trying to kick his attacker off. Ravenkit was pinned to the ground by a she-kit. She stepped off of the tom, letting Ravenkit scramble to his paws.

"Hi! You've opened your eyes for the first time," the she-kit meowed. She raised her chin. "I'm Sandkit!"

"Hi, Sandkit!" Ravenkit meowed happily. "I'm Ravenkit! It's nice to meet you."

Sandkit purred. "Here, follow me. There are two other kits you need to meet!" Ravenkit tipped his head but followed anyway, flicking his tail. He noticed a solid gray tom and a dark brown tabby tom. Sandkit sat down, licking a paw and running it over her ear. "This is Graykit," Sandkit meowed, pointing her tail to the solid gray tom. "And this is Dustkit." Ravenkit's gaze traveled to the dark brown tom.

"So this is Ravenkit?" Dustkit snorted. "A little small!" He scoffed, rolling his eyes. Graykit snorted and pushed the dark brown tom over, sending Dustkit in a pile of mud. "Hey!" Dustkit protested, scrambling to his paws.

Graykit padded over to Ravenkit, smiling. "Hi there! It's nice to finally meet you! We all just opened our eyes yesterday, and it's nice to have a new denmate!" Ravenkit felt warmth ebb inside him. Graykit seemed nice enough.

"Want to play Clans?" Sandkit meowed after dead silence between the kits.

"Sure!" Dustkit meowed, leaping to his paws. Graykit nodded, and Ravenkit did as well.

"I will be Duststar, leader of ThunderClan!" Dustkit meowed, raising his chin.

"And I'll be Ravenstar, leader of-" But before Ravenkit could continue Dustkit rudely cut him off.

"Ravenkit, you can't be leader! You're too small." Ravenkit flicked his tail.

"Fine, I'll be your deputy." Ravenkit smiled a bit. "I'll be Ravenscreech, deputy of ThunderClan!"

"I'll be Graystar, leader of ShadowClan!" Graykit exclaimed. "With Graystar's amazing deputy, Sandspark!" Sandkit meowed.

"We want your territory!" Graykit hissed. "Give it to us now or fight!"

"We will fight!" Dustkit exclaimed. "Ravenscreech, let's attack!" Ravenkit tumbled into Sandkit and tussled with her, but was flung off. Ravenkit crashed into another cat and heard a grunt. The black tom looked up, to notice a large brown tabby tom.

"Oh, s-sorry-"

"Good. Next time don't run into me," the tom hissed, lashing his tail.

A white tom padded over, flicking his ear.

"Tigerclaw, don't be so harsh with Ravenkit and the others. They are just kits, you know," the white kit meowed to Tigerclaw. "I know, Whitestorm," Tigerclaw meowed, padding away. Whitestorm shrugged and purred at Ravenkit.

"Ravenkit! You're not suppose to be outside!" Ravenkit groaned as his mother ran outside, picking up Ravenkit by the scruff. "Come on, let's go inside-"

"ShadowClan, help us! Ravenscreech is being carried off by a giant monster!" Dustkit meowed urgently. Graykit nodded and so did Sandkit. "ThunderClan, ShadowClan, attack!"

The three kits leaped at Robinwing and the she-cat yowled in surprise, being knocked over. Ravenkit leaped out of his mother's grasp and jumped up and down. Robinwing stood, huffing. Fuzzypelt padded out of the elders' den, yawning. *Is that my father?*

"Ravenkit," Fuzzpelt mewed happily, padding over quickly. "How is my little warrior?" The elder sat down, smiling.

"Great!" Ravenkit exclaimed. Dustkit padded over, looking at his father.

"And how are you, Dustkit?" Fuzzypelt mewed, tilting his head at his other son. "Good," Dustkit meowed. "Now, Ravenkit, my trustworthy deputy, let's to help ShadowClan defeat some badgers!"

Ravenkit waved his tail to his father and ran after Dustkit. His first day out, and Ravenkit was already having a great time.

Chapter 2

"Longpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and protect and defend this Clan, even at the cost of your life?" Bluestar boomed, looking upon the silver apprentice.

"I do," Longpaw meowed.

"Then by the powers of StarClan, I give you your warrior name. Longpaw, from this moment on, you shall be known as Longtail. StarClan honors your endurance and speed, and we welcome you as a full warrior of ThunderClan!"

Ravenkit watched as his half brother was granted his warrior name. It had been four moons since he had opened his eyes for the first time. In two moons Ravenkit would become an apprentice, and he couldn't wait. Ravenkit called Longtail's new name into the air, his Clanmates doing the same. Bluestar rested her muzzle on Longtail's head and he licked her shoulder respectfully.

"In tradition of our warrior ancestors, Longtail must guard the camp in a silent vigil while ThunderClan sleeps," Bluestar continued, nodding to the new warrior. The blue-gray she-cat turned tail and entered her den, the lichen engulfing her. Ravenkit watched as sundown arrived.

"Congratulations," Ravenkit meowed as he bounced over to Longtail. The silver tom simply dipped his head and Ravenkit heard a call from Robinwing.

"Come, Ravenkit and Dustkit!" The she-cat meowed, and Ravenkit sighed. The nursery was getting crowded due to Sandkit, Graykit, Dustkit, and he all growing. Ravenkit bounded over, entering the den. It had seemed so big four moons ago, but now it was cramped.

Ravenkit laid down next to Robinwing, staring outside. Something told him tomorrow would bring trouble. Ravenkit just didn't know why. As Dustkit joined Robinwing Ravenkit closed his eyes, and

soon fell asleep.

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"Fuzzypelt!"

Ravenkit's eyes creaked open when he heard commotion outside. Dustkit was at the entrance. The dark brown tom's ears flattened and he looked away. Ravenkit lifted himself to his paws, noticing the dusky frame of his mother outside. He also noticed another lifeless cat that Robinwing was burying her muzzle into.

"Fuzzypelt. . ." Ravenkit murmured. Robinwing was sobbing by his dead father's side. Bluestar was there too, as well as Redtail and Willowpelt.

"We're so sorry, Robinwing," Ravenkit could hear Bluestar murmur to his mother. "He has been sent to StarClan in his sleep."

"He should've died like a warrior!" Robinwing fiercely snapped back, digging her claws into the ground. "Now my kits have no father! StarClan has cursed me . . ."

"Robinwing," Redtail mewed, resting his tail on the she-cat's shoulder. "Fuzzypelt lived a long and good life. StarClan has not cursed you." Longtail stood by his mother, bowing his head.

"He was not my father," Longtail muttered, "but I feel the same grief for him as you do. I am so sorry, Robinwing." The she-cat didn't reply. Ravenkit couldn't watch anymore and he turned, padding into the nursery. He sat down, back to the camp, staring at the wall. He wished he could do something to make his mother feel better.

"Ravenkit? We're really sorry about your father. . ." Sandkit and Graykit meowed behind him. Sandkit was padding up to him but Ravenkit turned, claws unsheathed, fur on end, back arched.

"Stop saying that! Just go away! It's hard enough knowing my father is dead, but now my mother is grief-stricken! You're just making it worse. Go pity over Dustkit, but stop making me feel bad for something I couldn't have changed," Ravenkit snarled, turning back away. Anger boiled inside of him.

He could hear the pawsteps padding away. Ravenkit let our a hefty sigh and dropped to his fourpaws, resting his head on his paws. He felt so sad so he just laid there, doing nothing. Suddenly, pawsteps padded toward his way. Ravenkit lifted his head to see who it was.

Dustkit.

The brown tom looked as sad as Ravenkit. His brother laid down beside the black tom, curling up beside him. "I know how you feel," Dustkit meowed sadly. "It's the worst feeling in the world, isn't it? I wish Fuzzypelt hadn't have died. Robinwing would be fine and we'd all be happy." Dustkit's steady breathing soothed Ravenkit. "I know I've been a little mean the past few moons, but we're brothers, and we'll always look out for each other," Dustkit continued. "I hope you know that."

"Of course I do," Ravenkit responded. He chuckled a little. "Smallear didn't seem so happy when you put thorns in his nest!" Dustkit laughed, prodding his brother with a paw. "Don't tell him," Dustkit purred, "or I'll be crowfood!" Ravenkit smirked. "I won't!"

Ravenkit felt all the pain and sadness ebb away as Dustkit was really interacting with him for the first time. Everything eould be fine, Ravenkit knew it.